

Woman's Viewpoint

BLACK VELVET HATS FOR SUMMER.



THIS HAT FROM PARIS SHOWS THE SHAPE THAT IS ACCEPTED THIS SUMMER, AND THE NEW KIND OF VEIL.

BY ANNE RITTENHOUSE.

Special Correspondence of The Star.
NEW YORK, June 19.—Along about Maytime there came into the millinery world a black velvet tam-o'-shanter which deserved a more dignified name, as it was really copied from the hats that men wore in France a century or two ago.

It did not exactly resemble a student's cap of the Latin quarter because that well known shape sags down over the ear in a picturesque, if slovenly, manner. The velvet tam-o'-shanter of May was securely fastened to a rigid head band made of fine straw. Its fullness was arranged in a trim manner and stood up for four or six inches above the head band. There was no trimming on it whatever, either in the form of a woolen daisy, a pattern of silver bullet buttons or a cravat band of plect-edged ribbon.

These are the features which the milliners use to distinguish one summer hat from another, as a rule, but they have left them off this velvet tam in order to accentuate its simplicity. It is offered as the fitting hat for a severe tailored coat and skirt and it will be more used for urban than suburban streets.

Leads the Way to Velvet Hats.

As soon as this tam made its appearance it was suggestive of the fashion that preceded velvet hats for summer wear several seasons ago, when the seashores of Europe and America were dotted with women wearing hats of this fabric with sweaters or linen suits.

Then, as now, other kinds of velvet hats were projected into the fashionable world. Then they succeeded in a small measure, but today it looks as though they will succeed in a large

measure and will strive in a frantic manner to take the place of straw.

It was at Deauville in the first season that wrestled the blue ribbon of fashion away from Trouville that smart French and American women appeared at the races with large shade hats of black velvet, topped frocks of lace and handkerchief linen.

This season there is no Deauville or Trouville, as far as fashion is concerned, for the world-famous, tiny streets—the Rue de Paris and the Rue Gontaut-Biron—are filled with limping soldiers and convalescents sunning in their chairs—a wonderful contrast, indeed, to the brilliant parade of wealth, fashion, beauty, arrogance and power that took place in those short thoroughfares during the months of July and August!

Today it does not seem as though the large brimmed hats in velvet are to have a chance, but the small turban of velvet is offered as the extra smart bit of military to combine with a diaphanous frock.

The Veil Is a Feature.

When Suzanne Talbot started her 1840 hat last September, with its short veil as a trimming, the world looked upon it first as a curiosity and then accepted it in a gingerly manner. Some women adopted it, while others laughed out of the fashion; others forsook it because it was copied by the whole saleroom, and then the fashion was dropped.

But France is not forgetful and she is infinitely patient, so she indolently injects this 1840 veil again into her last summer millinery.

The hat in the sketch is one of the best of the new models from Paris. It is of black velvet with a rippling veil of dotted tulle which begins half way up the crown under a cravat of black tulle ribbon and ends below the eyelashes in front. At the sides and back it ripples away until it reaches a point below the shoulders. The Frenchwomen wear the veil over the eyes, but the majority of American women are throwing the short front piece back over the crown of the hat, letting the sides and back remain at full length.

much as a scratch on him. It must be that he was sick inside, which he was, as you and I know. That must mean that he had eaten something that didn't agree with him. This also was true, as you and I know.

There wasn't a thing that little Mrs. Peter could do for him but sit down beside him and caress him and try to comfort him, and this she did, you may be sure. The tears came into her own eyes as she saw how Peter suffered. A terrible fear gripped her own heart. Suppose Peter shouldn't get well? Suppose Peter should die? How could she go on living without Peter? But she didn't let Peter know how worried she was. No, indeed! She kept whispering words of good cheer to him and telling him that she was sure he would be better soon. Not once did she even hint at how often she had warned him that if he persisted in roaming about so much he would surely get into trouble.

After a while Peter felt better—th-

LITTLE STORIES FOR BEDTIME

BY THORNTON W. BURGESS.

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Sammy Jay Discovers That Peter Is Sick.

When Peter crawled under the friendly bramble bush at the entrance to one of his private little paths in the dear Old Briar Patch and dropped right down there he felt so bad that it seemed to him that he didn't care whether he lived or died. He was a very sick rabbit, was Peter. Little Mrs. Peter happened to be on the farther side of the dear Old Briar Patch, so she knew nothing of Peter's trouble for some little time. Finally she started for the side where he was. She was going to look for him, for she felt that it was high time for him to be home. Presently, as she hopped along one of the little paths in the dear Old Briar



"OH, PETER, PETER, WHATEVER HAS HAPPENED?" SHE CRIED.

Patch, she heard a faint groan ahead of her. Mrs. Peter stopped and sat up with one hand on her heart and a look of fright and anxiety in her big eyes. "What was that?" she whispered to herself. "It sounded like Peter's voice." Then she heard it again and she knew that it was Peter's voice. With a bound she sprang forward. Peter was in trouble and needed her! So she came to the friendly bramble bush and saw him stretched out under it, big tears rolling down from his eyes as he groaned and moaned in a feeble way. "Oh, Peter, Peter, whatever has happened?" she cried, rushing to his side. But Peter was too sick to answer. At first she thought that he must have been shot by some man with a terrible gun. Then she remembered that she would have heard the bang of it, and she had heard nothing of the kind. Perhaps he had been caught by Granny Fox or Old Man Coyote or Hooty the Owl and terribly hurt by their terrible teeth or claws. With her heart in her mouth she looked him over. There wasn't so

is, he had less pain. He tried to crawl farther into the dear Old Briar Patch, for you remember he was very near the edge. He didn't feel altogether safe there. He wanted to get his favorite place in the very middle. Then he made a discovery that frightened him terribly. He couldn't use those big, strong hind legs of his. No, sir, he couldn't! They were quite useless. The best he could do was to drag them after him, pulling himself along a little at a time by means of his front feet. Little by little he crawled farther into the dear Old Briar Patch, a foot at a time, with long rests in between. Mrs. Peter kept close to him, bravely winking back the tears as she watched him struggle. The morning was half gone before he was too tired and frightened and ill to care much what happened now.

It was there that later in the day Sammy Jay discovered him. Sammy had stopped at the dear Old Briar Patch to tease Peter a little, as is his way. But the very instant he saw Peter he knew that something was wrong. Right away all thought of teasing went out of his head. Peter's habit was in very real trouble, and Sammy, mischief maker though he is, has a good heart. He looked about for Mrs. Peter and presently discovered her gathering the tenderest sweet clover she could find just outside the Old Briar Patch. Sammy knew at once that it was for Peter. He flew over and asked her what the trouble was. Little Mrs. Peter told him all that she knew, which wasn't much.

"Where did he go when he left here last night?" asked Sammy Jay.

"To Farmer Brown's garden," replied Mrs. Peter.

Sammy said nothing, but looked thoughtful. Finally he asked Mrs. Peter to tell Peter how sorry he was that Peter was so sick, and then spread his blue wings and flew away in the direction of Farmer Brown's garden.

Summer Stationery.

The price of paper is soaring on account of the war; so possibly some of us will be unable to buy our usual quality of this commodity. There is no reason, however, for spending money on stationery. If you buy plain, unscented paper, in white, gray, dull blue or possible cream with an envelope tending toward squareness in shape, you will have fulfilled all the requirements of good form. With regard to the tone of the paper, it is well to remember that the gray and blue should be tints only, and that vivid greens, purples and reds, sometimes sold in the guise of note paper, can only be classed as freaky. Don't buy those unless you want to be considered eccentric.

Men, too, should be even more careful in the selection of note paper. White and gray are considered suitable for masculine stationery. Needless to say a man never uses his business stationery for personal notes, though there is no reason why he should not use his club stationery for this purpose.

Never combine a crest with a monogram. The crest is at the top of the paper. The mode of the moment declares the center top of the sheet the correct place for this embellishment. A matter of fact an address may be printed instead of embossed; the best hotels furnish printed note paper to the patrons, and if it is neatly and well done there is no reason why individuals should not do the same.

To Have Pretty Hair

If your hair is not soft, and pretty, or as fresh and full as that of some friend, do as she does—give it daily attention. Just the same care you would give a plant to make it healthy and beautiful. Luxuriant hair—soft, fluffy, thick and lustrous—is really a matter of care. If it is too thin make it grow. If it is too dry and brittle, soften it up. Lubricate it. If you have dandruff it is because the scalp is too dry and flakes off. Freshen up the scalp and all dandruff disappears.

Parian Sage, an inexpensive tonic, which you can get from any drug or toilet counter, is just what you need—it softens the scalp, nourishes the hair roots, immediately removes dandruff, and makes the hair fluffy and lustrous.

Parian Sage takes away the dryness, makes the hair seem twice as abundant and beautifies it until it is soft and lustrous. By the use of this helpful tonic any woman should easily make her hair soft, fluffy and abundant. Any of O'Donnell's Drug Stores sells lots of Parian Sage and will guarantee it to you.—Advertisement.

THE DAILY MENU.

BREAKFAST

Raspberries Cereal

Poached Eggs on Toast Coffee

Pulled Bread Coffee

LUNCHEON

Cream of Potato Soup Olives

Ham Sandwiches Fruit Tarts

Beefsteak Tomato Bisque

Stuffed Tomatoes French Fried Potatoes

Roast Chicken Romaine Salad

Lemon Ice Sponge Cake

Coffee

A frock made of white material dotted with blue spots and trimmed with blue ribbon is ideal for a summer afternoon.

Petticoats of net with flounces finished with flowered ribbon seem to be cool and to furnish beauty and sufficient fullness.

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